WORDPRESS BLOG
2008 - 2016

(pics: MG in RI; *shi* series; Ione Beauchamp + Sue Lauther, ESL; Bruce Nauman's neon; MG at Hothouse, PS 122, video still; Ogalalla road; night in Oregon hot springs; duet with Helene Lesterlin; clod of earth, adventures in *shi*)

Physical Intelligence Blog / Embodied Language and Culture

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Cave Form Calling …
January 28, 2016

Dear Performers + Transcribers –

Margit Galanter and Philip Huang will not be performing tomorrow night at SALTA is Timeless Infinite Light and we wanted to give you more context and insight into this situation as fellow performers. Below are pieces written by Margit, Philip and SALTA + Timeless Infinite Light. Please read them here or in the zine, where they will also be printed. We invite you to participate in our conversations in person or via email (emails listed at the top).

Thank you in advance for your creativity and engagement in the making of artistic community.

LOVE

SALTA + Timeless Infinite Light

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Margit's artist statement:

There are so many different kinds of caves. This mess that you see one current of here started like the others with a quiet inner voice. Cave Forms materialized through a literal need to feel the edges of space. Wanting channels to open (porousness, inclusivity) even from the power of the hermeticism of caves, to feel the composition of opening and closing, the magical geometry of constellations and its vivid spaces in between. Yonic tonic.

Here, Sonic: an offshoot for a future audio for a sound score showings in March, for the experience, to try something out, to try IT on, for the fuck of it, for a group encounter, to enact a cave. Something like live sculptural gaffe poetics. A joint collusion with Philip Huang.

Recently I became aware of ASMR through Philip. It is an insane form of joy to feel the whispering visuals touch my screen and tickle me with gloves. I can't quite describe the little death which is part disbelief—part ecstasy. Is this what the internet brings, the thriving that happens with audio, with synesthesic connectivity? Philip is helping Forge the project Cave Forms. We got under. There are a constellation of people whose perspectives are altering a project which, like a whale, is underwater and spouts forth from time-to-time. Mara Poliak, Frances Rosario, and I have been working in the studio at TAC. Asia and I have been dancing in a coastal cove cave. Chani, Avery, and Ryan saw with their apparatuses. Micah dazzled. Sarah, oh Sarah! We brought some people in the room to digest it with us: Elise, Jess, Geana, Denise, Brianna, Renee, Asia, Maureen. I was touched by the forts we made in the Furnace workshop. Julie forged me into performance, through Abby's invite. It's a big blob of praxis, perhaps a constellation. The forging is real; the forms change shape, they see themselves.

These days, we merge our sensation and design with our movement and stillness and we are finding our own fascinations. We wonder what it means to not be creative, to practice receiving being seen, even behind the material, even as we emerge. I am trying to get how this material might be read.

And here, now, an EX/peri/ment

We, communards in the ship of art-life

margit, aka puissance

Curator statement:

This piece is not present tonight due to curatorial questions and miscommunications that came up around the participation of Philip Huang in Margit Galanter's work. Philip's use of provocation and discomfort as a medium has been controversial in various settings—most specifically at a SALTA's *Short and Sweet* show in December 2014. Timeless, Infinite Light felt that by having Philip perform in this event, we would be tacitly uninviting people who were hurt and offended by his December performance and would be endorsing work that has perpetuated anti-black racism and ableism, and we also wanted more insight into the process that happened after *Short and Sweet*. Members of SALTA had conversations with both Philip and Margit about his involvement in her work, the specifics of the work, and ultimately trusted them to promote an environment of respect and care. Due to a series of miscommunications, these questions were addressed with urgency in the days leading up to this event. Despite numerous conversations, the curators and artists involved did not get a chance to come together as a complete group and articulate their views with clarity both amongst themselves and to each other.

This statement presents only a small glimpse into the complexities and ambiguities of the process of collective co-curation, and there will be further public writing about the situation, but for tonight the piece will not be shown.

This brings up many questions about curation and community, including:

What curatorial dialogues should be public?

What does it mean for curation to be in resistance to forms of oppression?

What does it mean to censor artists?

What does it mean to hold relationships and trust authorship?

How do collectives make decisions when there are mixed and different feelings internal to that group?

What kinds of spaces are we seeking to create?

Philip's statement:

Here is a story.

An artist I greatly admire was asked to speak to a national gathering of gay youth some years back. Excited and honored by the opportunity, he offered to give a copy of his book, a memoir about growing up gay in the south, to every young person in attendance. Hundreds of books, at no cost to the event. The organizers, however, had concerns.

"We're concerned," they told my friend, "that your book promotes underaged sex and drug use."

"Promotes?" my friend said.

"Yes," they said. "We're concerned we may be construed as advocating sex and drugs if we give out your book. And our organization is already under attack as it is. We simply can't be too careful."

After regaining his composure, my friend gave his answer.

"I wouldn't say it *promotes* those things," he said. "I would say it depicts them. My book *depicts* sex and drug use."

This was an important distinction, one that the organizers accepted. My friend went on to speak as scheduled, people loved him, but he had a profound realization which he shared with me.

"The true evil in the world," he said, "is fearful, well-meaning people."

That's always stuck with me.

And in my dealings with many, many curators and presenters over the years, I see how true it is. Curators have, like anyone, a sense of self preservation about their endeavors, and want, as we all do, to do what they think is good in the world. But the consequence, when the fearful and well-meaning are gatekeepers in the art world, is often a chilling of the subversive spirit, which is to me a chilling of the creative spirit.

As I see it, there are two false beliefs happening here. The first, as demonstrated above, is the belief that the artist always promotes what he depicts. More fundamental, I would say, is the belief that the artist always depicts his own truth.

It's easy to see why this happens. We live in a time when autobiographical storytelling is the predominant mode of performance. We have an expectation that when someone stands onstage and talks, he must be speaking from his own experience, he must be representing his own beliefs and reality. He is telling *his story*. It may be shocking then to remind people that someone might stand onstage and say nothing he actually believes. That, in fact, he is going out of his way to hide, twist, and manipulate his own position. That he is playing a most unfair, unethical, and dishonest game with the audience.

Shocking, isn't it?

The second false belief is that the presenter always condones the artist's work. This is a kind of toxic naivete, one which the audience, and the presenters themselves, must be actively and rigorously disabused of. How? Through the repeated, or at least occasional, presentation of work that is tasteless, crude, and vile. Offensive work. Work that no one in their right mind would mistake for the tastes of such an intelligent presenter. Not because such art is inherently valuable, but because regular exposure to offensive, unstomachable, morally revolting art increases our tolerance for the diversity of creative expression.

Without offense, no art community can become mature, but will rather stay in an infantile expectation of pleasurable stimuli.

Unfortunately, art spaces are becoming increasingly infantile. They are safe spaces, with every surface padded. Artist Keith Hennessy posed the most succinct critique on the subject:

"Safe space…continues to frame us all as victims or potential victims in need of protection. And victims are always justified in excluding others, or Others. Safe space is the ideology that supports the prison industrial complex."

I'm not so smart, and the thing about the prison industrial complex is a stretch, but that seems right. Lately, the shows I go to seem less like shows and more like showcases for propaganda. Artists who perform the wrong politics are labeled heretics and cast into deep Siberia.

I should know. I am a heretic. I seem unable to stop talking irreverently about sex and race and violence and rape and abortions and insanity and disability and vaginal farts and pilly semen (which is just semen that's been left out too long that you roll with your fingers into little balls which you can stick onto your eyeglass frames). I seem unable to stop offending good people. I therefore accept my exile from this community. I accept that there is no longer room for artists like me, or maybe people like me, in the Bay Area. I accept that the fearful and the well-meaning have won.

That evil, with its noble intentions, has won.

So while I applaud SALTA and TIL for asking big questions ("What is radicalism? What is urgency?"), I do wonder, who will be left to answer but the most compliant of artists?

In the pursuit of diversity, must we conform our voices so?

Margit's statement:

Calling:

I am concerned as an artist when curators delimit the arc of a piece's full expression. Caught in the middle of ghosts, karma, and an implicit rule book, *Cave Forms* was questioned in a manner that did not nurture the work. Art conjures its own terms; in this case new language was drowned out by the reductionism of politix. With Philip, I decided to withdraw from the evening's event. *Cave Forms* is subtle and provocatively so, and Philip has brought jewels to its development.

I am appreciative of the effort on all sides to come together in text. Through the writing, something took place which was a new form of listening, one which, had it happened more fully over time, might not have erupted in such clear lines.

To this end, I ask:

How can the radical space of not-knowing and listening that is a part of making art offer tools for new ways of thinking through in a collective process?

I am excited about the practice of "calling in" as a way to produce understanding in overlapping communities — to support cultural shifts through real-time personal interactions. For a brief description, see here: http://briarpatchmagazine.com/articles/view/a-note-on-call-out-culture

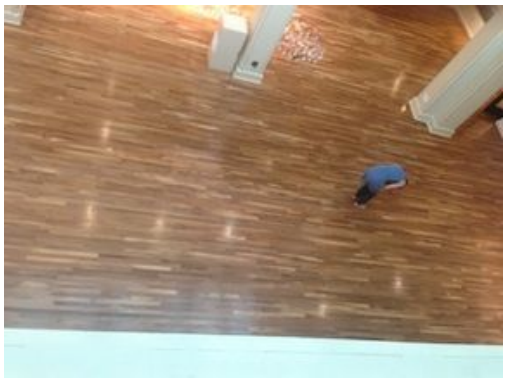
May we foster artistic spaces that allow for the complexities of the spirit.

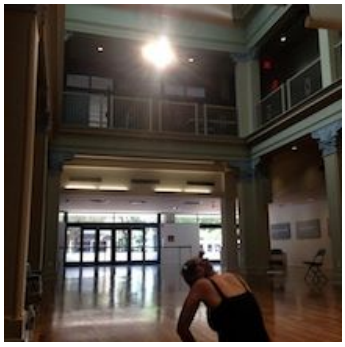
If anyone is interested in having conversation with the *Cave*, or participating in a public *Cave Forms* happening, you can contact me directly at: margit@physicalintelligence.org

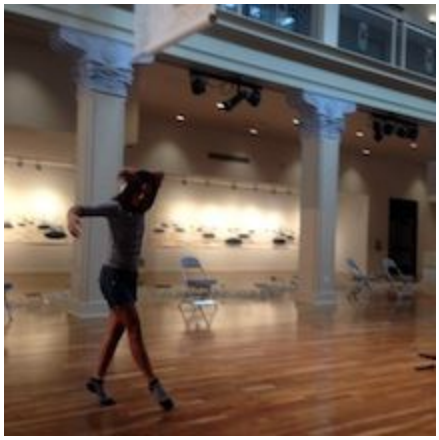
Show-In 2014
October 8, 2014

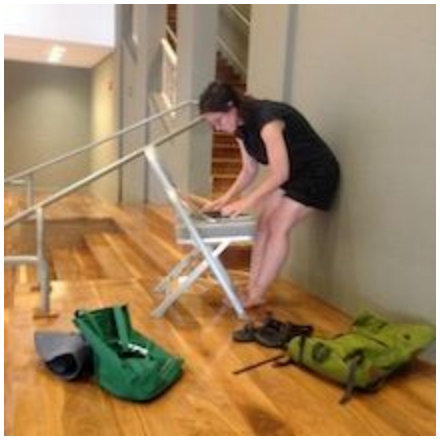
Show-In 2014 was a process-based arts residency, presented by UC Riverside's ARTSblock. It was organized by Brianna Skellie and myself. We sent out a call to California artists who were swarming through / near Riverside at this moment, to use the resource of the museum space and work on respective + shared creative practice. We were bequeathed two rooms – a lovely upstairs studio and the main atrium – and incredible tech support. We formalized our discussions with the microphone, and got a lot out of basic activities that engaged the procedures of making work.Thanks to the participants Crystal Sepulveda, Mara Poliak, Mary Anna Lachman, Nancy Popp, Olive Noire, Rebecca Bruno, and Taisha Paggett for joining in, and countless others who tried their best to make it there. We shared space through practice, inter-independently. Personally, I found an incredible support in the format, in our warm-ups together. Within it, an easy expansion of my nascent project arose without effort, that which rarely comes alone in the studio.

What follows are a few images from the few days, Instagram-style:









being a living objects

New year, new text on vital nourishment ~ (yang sheng)
January 10, 2014

Here are some notes on an ongoing enquiry.

"A light will come and it is brighter than you imagine" – Dennis Leri

Vital Nourishment is a life-art practice. A home arts practice, an arts world practice. The term *VN* is a text source (Francois Jullien), art-life approach, and an encompassing strategy.

Yang Sheng is a Chinese expression which is translated as vital nourishment, or "nourishing life." *Yang Sheng* was exhaustively researched by possibly the world's first anarchist, Zhaungzhi (contemporary to Aristotle). Through deepening my understanding of this term's meanings and connotation, I am further achieving what I seek to create as a model for my artistic work and research practice.

How can art feed the whole of a life? How can one's vocation feed the art, feed the life, the intellect, the personal practice, friendship, kinship, the body-person, the inquiry, in community, in mutualism? What does it mean to let the intention be coherence, that the various parts of living all feed the whole? As stated by Sabine Williams: "in balance with the macrocosm for the benefit of the individual body, the body of the family, the body politic, and the body of the cosmos"

In the end of 2012, I made an Arts Manifesto, which was a source for future practice: MG Manifesto Draft 12-12

Soon thereafter, I began to engage in a wildly healing process of fertility. Self research; experiential and embodied research. There is a book to write here.

In 2013, I deepened the enquiry through a performance poetry project on *Yang Sheng.* In a piece called "Pure Process", I used spontaneous movement and stillness as an embodied basis to examine a constellation of phenomena that would offer a view on Nourishing Life. This was my contribution to Eleni Stecopoulos' *Poetics of Healing* Symposium. Through the project, I found the revelation of relation between nourishing one's body and nourishing one's self.

I also found the importance of anchoring oneself in the environment as a practice for performance, to nourish the self that will then present, but that is another story which leads into one of the bases for the project which was its counterpoint, Relay.

The Chinese term for body *shenti,* is more like "body-person," no big divide. That the vessel is a part of the environment and the procession of *qi.* However this sense of polarity arises in the imbalance that might come not enough essence or bloodfulness to harmonize with the magnetism of the earth and the electro expansion of the forces of the sky (early notions of mind-body split). The kinds of things that emerge in the contemporary life. Hence, back again into the practice of nourishing life.

"Your life has a limit, knowledge has none
If you use the limited to pursue the limitless
You will be in danger of exhaustion"

-Zuangzhi

Searching for the more fluid (therefore less reified) action-process in all realms in VN. How to induce subtlety of breathing, harmony, and feeding to be coherently integrated into philosophical reflection and daily activities? And thereby feed the quintessence in myself …

Vital Nourishment includes not solely a personal perspective, but the unity of mental, ecological, social, aesthetic, and personal choices.

I wrote this Manifesto
December 31, 2013

I wrote a Manifesto for art two years ago in the end of December, sitting in the living room of my dear Aunt Patti's house. I never put it out, but that month of daily art practice for the sake of it in the early morning was like a glowing, growing cauldron from which so much has sprung. One of the days, this came as I was writing.

* * *

MG Arts Manifesto – Draft

There is a vital aspect to creativity that compels me to define its power and what's at stake.

To even use the singular word *art* for this comes with so many connotations that perhaps the word *ARTS* is more fitting – it invites the multiplicities of the nature of creative energy

Indeed there are more words that need to and will come as these fields further develop in given times and places

ARTS are a territory for instantiating the richness of imagination, the fertility of "living movement imagination" (one of those words yet to be), and of what people are here to say.

As we are effected by social, physical, structural, and economic forces, with the forum of ARTS there are avenues for us both to widen, expand and stretch these realms, to include their cosmic counterparts, and indeed the converse, see with stark clarity

their more intimate manifestations of vastness (e.g., ego, needs for community, order, and dissonance) thru the delicacy of our sense of experience from a developed or rarified view.

Part of how we make is through our practice and our practice in getting familiar with fields of difference, variance, energetic shift, and stability. And through these, we compose forms, both from and a part of formlessness.

We all have different languages to describe and define what we see, and our making is a process of making new language, in multiple forms.

ARTS allow then for autonomous expressions that connect. In part, this comes from the fact that we are constantly composing ourselves in our environment, and through ARTS we are distilling specific constructions through a rarified and practice-based version of this operation.

ARTS are integrative process and most potent when they serve the mind, body, being, health, relationships, politix, heart, all, and even if some of these aspects are hidden at a given time, and others rise more into view, this is the precious nature of making, that we materialize a form from the rich underbelly of our furnace.

Radical Presence
April 8, 2013

Kehinde Wiley on Radical Presence: … "what I wanted was to create a state where grace was allowed, where you simply celebrated being."

MG Description
March 13, 2013

I wrote a few paragraphs as an introduction for the Ecopoetics Gathering, and looking back on it, I like what it says about the embodiment of language in my work, so here it is:

* * *

I have danced since I was a child, and since the '90's my research and work has been situated in experimental and improvisational dance, as well as community activism and the healing arts. As a movement educator in the Feldenkrais Method® and movement arts, I am consistently fascinated with the ways that specificity and prosody of language effects one's state and movement integration, how using the voice can unleash creative power, and how language can be a bridge for thought and action. As a practitioner of *qigong*, acupressure, and Chinese energetics, I have been drawn to the poetry inscribed in the body through these traditional cosmologies. Starting in 2003, I began a study of two fields of research, *embodied language* and later what came to be coined *dance poetry*, the former of which I formalized through a Master's

Program at Gallatin-NYU in *Movement Research*. The potency and prism of movement and language has become a primary pursuit.

Through my research, I have been focusing on the implicit connections of the bodymind/ environment. The projects share in common extensive research periods that were integrated within the movement-based, multidisciplinary public events, often site-based. Most of my movement work tends to have a language-based component, either in the form of the creation of a 'zine, published document, weblog entries, live writing, and speaking in dance. This research and text aspect of my work is central, as I am committed to public discourse in dance. I have found that rather than pursuing text *about* movement, my interest is with materials and words that come *from* and *through* movement research, which have a potency that is unique to the context and situation. More information about these projects is available online: www.margitg.wordpress.org/archive

Currently, I am working on a project called ***Relay,*** inspired by the poem *Concordance* by Mei-Mei Bersenbrugge, with images by Kiki Smith. ***Relay*** is a multi-phased experimental forum that invites conversation between text, movement, and context. The piece attempts to expand and integrate – literally moving words from page to lived stage – by transducing and inventing new forms. Through subtle means, words can literally change our neurophysiology, our chemistry, and our mood. This aspect invokes questions I have around movement, language and performance – How to bring radiance to a performative context, so that the text does not rest in the mental operations, but rather is full-bodied and multisensorial? How to compose hybrid forms that give space for a coherent aesthetic? How can language connect?

Over the course of the years, I have curated and founded events that deeply examine the mosaic of movement and words. ***SEEDS Festival (Somatic Experiments in Earth, Dance, + Science)*** was a multi-year international festival and research organism that

incorporated workshops, panel discussions, publication, and performance to experientially research ecology through interdisciplinary arts. As a director and co-founder of ***SEEDS***, I was often envisioning and composing the event, and in the final year I participated as artist-resident, as well. This housed a longterm collaboration with landscape architect Margot Lystra, an investigation of public site through dance and design, which we call ***Withness***. As co-curator for the ***Movement Research Festival NYC 2005***, I gathered artists internationally to present panel discussions and live experiments, incorporating language into dance processes. Additionally, some of the initial ideas for ***Relay*** sprang from a mini-festival I founded in the Bay Area, ***Words and Deeds: Experiments in Language and the Physical World***, which I co-produced through Art Workouts with Abby Crain. This event brought together artists from various disciplines to teach the public about movement and language.

The group research feeds the understanding, and the (trans/inter)personal research in turn feeds the collective discourse and overlapping contexts from which the questions originally sprang. Roiling. Vaporizing (….) …Like gas

The Power of Language
February 26, 2013

I just spent a weekend immersed in poetry and poetic experiments, through the Conference on Ecopoetics at UC Berkeley. It was an inspiring event, particularly to encounter practitioners from around the country who are investigating the interrelations of words and nature through the lens of aesthetics, poetics, social intervention, direct action, conversation, academic inquiry, and the nature of things. Eleni Stecopoulos and I presented a

collaborative performance presentation as part of the Conference, which was entitled *Triple Burner.* Through it, we wove questioning, reading, speaking, dancing, and shared practice. The presentation was an investigation into realms such as Chinese energetics, healing and nourishing life, Greek concepts, the power of movement, words, and the Feldenkrais Method all through the lens of this great meridian Triple Burner that has no association with a specific organ, rather process, exchange, and interactivity. We felt that the subjects of our presentation would instantiate inquiry and ecopoetics as an operation and term. Our sources were three books that we have in common in our research: Robert Kocik's *Rhurrbarb*, Mei-Mei Bersenbrugge's *Concordance*, and Shigehisa Kuriyama's *The Expressiveness of the Body and the Divergence of Greek and Chinese Medicine*. Here is an image from the cards I made as part of the presentation:

Some of the highlights from the inspired and extensive resources I picked up through the conference:

Panel organized by Office of Recuperative Studies

Beautiful readings by many, including CA Conrad and Tyrone Williams

Learning about incredible presses, such as Brenda Iijima's: http://yoyolabs.com/ and Sueyeun Juliette Lee's http://www.corollarypress.org/Corollary_Press/Home.html

The collaboration PARK (dance/poetry/photography)

David Buuck's BARGE and Matta-Clarke Parks

Experiential Lab! Groundworks: http://ecopoeticsgroundwork.blogspot.com/

and Eleni Stecopoulos' first reading on ritual landscapes – looking forward to more.

Around the time of this conference, I have been reading Jeremy Narby's *Intelligence in Nature*. Here is one of the many passages from it which seems quite relevant to the conference mentioned above: "recent research based on brain imaging shows that language is handled by many different brain regions working in parallel. As Susan Greenfield writes in her book *Brain Story*: 'One of the most startling discoveries from such research is that saying just a single word causes a unique pattern of activity to ripple the cortex. The experience of the word 'screwdriver,' for example, causes a part of the brain called the motor cortex to light up. The motor cortex is involved in controlling movement, so perhaps this word triggers memories of handling a screwdriver to become

active…Language…involves an eruption of associations and memories that are different for every word.'"

Taking in Concordance
December 15, 2012

When I memorize this poem, it's as if it lives off to the lower right in my imaginal field of vision. I look there, an inadvertent movement, to a sense of the page over there, as a spacial composition – stanzas, spaces, the turning to the next page – as a guide into the chaotic furniture in the room of my memory. Its becoming me, these lines, these layouts, Kiki Smith's imagery. And with that rote there is a danger: the parts of writing that I can now just say, that roll off my tongue, when I do do this, they have lost some of this readily available formation-seeking, as if the words are emanating from my mouth, rather than a kind of place that is more mind-body/space. I suppose I can access something more integrated, actually, which when I do can be a helpful thing, because otherwise, when I emerge from this blurting indulgence of the text, I am lost. I have no pages, no corners of eyes, no formations like edges of seas to land, and I'm flying. Flying is really a pleasurable thing, if one could feel oneself while doing it, but rather, this flying is doing-without-thinking and perhaps doing-without-consciousness. So, what happens is there has been some kind of separation. Then I return, and find my way back into this bodyscape, which is a inscripted landscape that lives within and between in the spheres of things like "body" and "mind" and "memory" in the interstitial places of transit, where there is movement and the unfolding of words that are in fact the words of This poem now.

And then gaps.

and then returnings

And then back into flow

the poem.

I am at the place where two of the three segments of the poem Concordance are within and can come through me. The meanings shift over time sometimes. I will realize a configuration of phrases perhaps meant it like this, with that word actually working like a very rather than an adjective, whereby offering a whole other piece to the story, like:

“Yearning can’t be split and the animal lost, ahead of time”:

Is it that the animal can't be lost, that we are incapable of losing our animal nature, which would put us ahead of time, rather than in the here-ness of "for the time being"?, or rather that the animal did lose, because it was ahead of time…. – …a kind of melancholy about the inability for time – our human measurement in the experience of desire as endless and eternal, and not only, with that, too this animalness and animal time gone? Are we ahead of time, and with time is it always about being ahead or behind since it implies a kind of counting, which has such a danger of comparison? And of course there are other interpretations.

Sometimes the intention to memorize feels like a distant institution that places weight on me and goes against the flow of expression and listening, at other times it is a doorway in to the vastness of this poem's landscape.

Some Relay Photos from July
December 11, 2012

Rachel Thoele took some beautiful pics of ***Relay: Living Things Shine On*** *back in July at The Garage SF. She manages to make art from the art that makes it become something other. What a treat! Here are some of them:*

1) MG with Meg Wolfe in the background 2) Matt Shyka, Mara Poliak, Brianna Skellie 3) Harold Burns and Gretchen Till wrap us up like we're a Christo-Jean-Claude island

Felt, Facebook, and Turbulence
September 30, 2012

When your book meets life: Last night I saw Keith Hennessy's Turbulence, and when I picked up my book this morning, I read this:

"But what if the global networks that are commonly invoked to speak about flows of people, ideas, capital, and commodities were thought as a mass whose organization is not reducible to the regularity of the grid or the mesh, and has properties such that, like felt, we could find an important provocation: the possibility that all spiral strands in a swath of felt cohere without

necessarily connecting, even the most ostensibly connective meshworks might well have nodes that will never touch, that will maintain a tense and tensile proximity without ever connecting? ….. The word text and textile share the same etymological root, the Latin verb texere, meaning to "weave." Felt has a different composition altogether. It is a non-woven fabric, a body without axes, created through the multiple random interlockings of spiral strands. The material owes its structural integrity to the chance bindings among its irregular spiral fibers. Felt is arrived at through leaving-to-chance – even if it is a methodical and meticulous leaving-to-chance…. "

The double-entendre of the word "felt" does not go unnoticed. The book this text is from is called "Felt" by Chris Thompson – about a meeting between Joseph Beuys and HH the Dalai Lama – how the seemingly uninspired gathering actually led to so much over time. Performance has this, can be this- a provocation for deeper enmeshment, more meaningful connection, and a barometer of alienation. – we don't know what will come of it, and that potential is bittersweet.

Turbulence as a performative event, brought together a ton of strands, as a work it defined its space through the composition of the framing, the edges, the flows, the navigations, the behaviors and persona shined through. To bring the wildness of spontaneous decision-making is not in anyway new, but with these set of parameters, these people, Turbulence might be making a felt that pushes us into novel forms and perturbs us to face the ways we strive for comfort, or make order and use aesthetic impulses as a means to mean. Beautiful work by the performers – Julie ,Jorge, Gabriel, Empress Jupiter, Emily, Laura, Jesse, Hana, Ruairi, Jassem, Keith, and the guests Ray Chung, Anna MW, and Brontez Purnell.

Go to YBCA tonight in SF if you can. It is worth it.

In the van with Abby, Beth, and Kira — talking of the show- somehow perhaps this quote speaks to an underlying address of the

piece in relation to economy. Perhaps, more apt, the piece is an enmeshment of a group of individual's own views and grappling with their own economies as expressed through performative action?

I do wonder also, after seeing the interconnectedness of the group, how were they touched by this, how were we moved, when do the enmeshments open up for us? – this interests me. And what is this to feel the other? Although this isn't necessarily a primary thread in the piece, it shines through like a glaring meteor with the discussion of love and acts of caring's enigmatic nature amidst a highly challenging world. Afterwards, I am hungry for some real talk about economic breakdown, as if what we saw was a demonstration of the breakdown from all the talk. — what does the body do when it is amidst a break down? From the dissonance, there is certainly potential

Responses:

Keith Hennessy: Margit – thanks so much. I loved that you came to sit in the piss with me and then followed that sitting into dancing not at all daunted but blessed by piss, the human waste/medicine and its complex of possibilities…

Margit Galanter: Keith- what got me there was my body moving (it was asked then i moved), not a mental choice in any way, nor political nor social -> response. for me this was the seat of the piece (piss)- a turnaround. It felt open. so thanks to the pissers and you all manyfold

Margit Galanter: And one more felt quote: "we regularly find fabrics enlisted as metaphors for processes of integration, organization, cohesion-on a micro- and a macro- scale. The weave operates as the default formation for any fabric enlisted as a trope for organizing discourse; does the figure of a non-woven material like felt displace the grammar of our terminologies enough to open up new territories for thinking a multitude formally, to render it as the fabric of interhuman intrigue?

…There is…no overarching definitional structure for felt, at least not in the sense that one can predict the particular configuration that a bit of felt will take on in the sense that one can forecast where certain strands will connect, or fail to connect, with others" Pretty uncanny for Turbulence. hugs, mg

writing samples
September 14, 2012

I just found these writing samples, having no idea what they were for, thought i would put them here. They were written 9 years ago – a mystery:

Three Writing Samples

1) *The Stone Door*, by Leonora Carrington (St. Martin's Press).

Leonora Carrington's work consistently offers doorways into remote and surreal universes. *The Stone Door,* however, both story and visual art piece, does this doubly so. First, the induction into the complex world of Carrington's imagination by the cover, through a spread of hazy hues, packs of semi-recognizable animal-beings, and human expressions that evoke the complexity and subtlety of emotion. Within this vision, you will find a story that embeds within it myriad landscapes, multiple journeys. The narrative pathway leaps through territory, driven by symbolic imagery, including a floating egg, the backroom of a collector's life work, and a train-ride in search of Alchemical originary scrawls. The story invokes the substratum. In *The Stone Door,* what is revealed is an epic journey through time and space that both instantiates and advances human imagination. The art of this story is rivaled only by its artifice.

2) *Handbook in Motion: An account of ongoing personal discourse and its manifestation in dance,* by Simone Forti (The Presses of

the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design and New York University).

Handbook in Motion is a small collection of notes, drawings, prose, and photographs, over more than a decade of Simone Forti's early span as a movement improviser. The texture of the images and the composition of her writings manage to demonstrate how dance can leap off the page. It shows how writing on dance has the possibility to be its own kind of movement invention. The book is replete with examples of Forti's Judson-era experimental movement scores, as well as stories of her journey into creative exploration on the road to California and Anna Halprin in the late sixties. The narrative provides the reader with one multiplicitous view in the shared research that led to revolutions in dance and performance in the '70's, in New York's downtown dance scene. The book's eclectic compilation is balanced with rich discovery, a quality of investigation that emerges only from the depth of an embodied research.

3) "Anim-A-Still," ink and collage on canvas, by Laura Corsiglia

Laura Corsiglia's "Anim-A-Still" is a delicate and simple composition in her current series in collage, painting, and multiple media. The scope of Corsiglia's work ranges from massive, colorful landscapes to time-based visual art and video, such as "Cross-Pollination," in which actors wear masks that Corsiglia has designed from characters in her dreams, are invited to find the archetypes from their own physicality, and act them onscreen and on-stage simultaneously. "Anim-A-Still," however, is so basic that one might not catch hold of its subtle beauty at first, which rests in the composition, the clarity of line, and the loft that comes from a bird possibly taking flight. The simplicity of the image is a counterpoint to its texture and emotion. One can get drawn to the evocative nature of the subjects' eyes – with what softness does this character face the observer, and from what kind of cage does the bird arrive, so fully demonstrating caginess, through a few mere ink strokes of the artist's hand? The collages invite you to wonder what the next moment will bring, with action inextricably linked to the stillness.

writing encounter – MP
July 26, 2012

We sat on the floor. Timed. It was my time. Desiring feedback, incited by interaction, I initiated this one. It did something to use words this way as a conversation of sorts, an art interview. She was at *Relay*'s Garage show both nights and she had entered in the second night to whorl. *Margit* and Mara Poliak at Ellen Webb's, making up our own score, and this was within it. Here is the encounter:

Mara, when you read the phrase "telepathy of ants", what movement do you see?

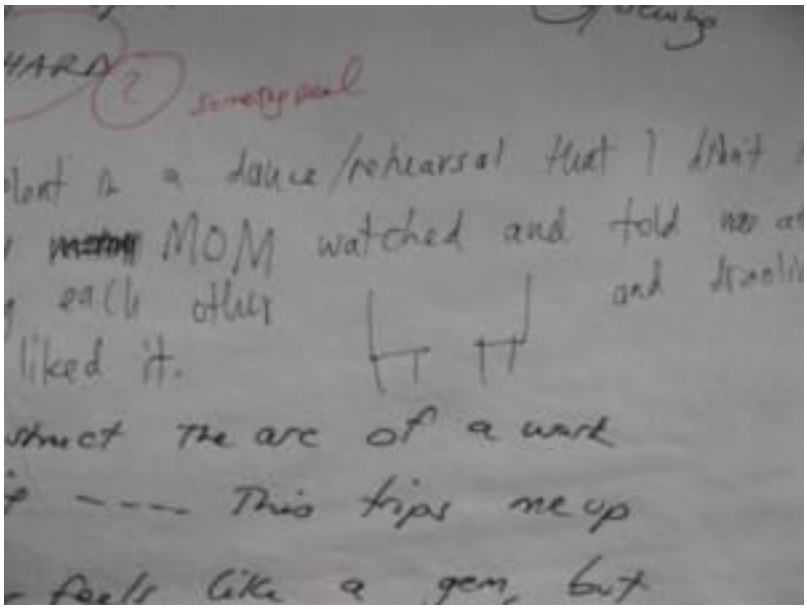
Before I even think of movement, I think of the time about 4 months ago when I was here, at Ellen Webb, and I had a duet with an ant. I spoke what I imagined it was saying. And then I wrote it down. And it was probably more what I was thinking, but maybe the ant heard it.

Wow. How could one show emanation or absorption of light on a stage?

Eyes. Pores. Teeth. Mouth

Have you ever seen violence or a fight in dance that you enjoyed / was useful for you? If so, why? I am interested in a few lines that speak about shards and their mending but have reluctance to represent (therefore embody) the SHARD.

When I saw the word violence I / my mind immediately remembered something violent in a dance /rehearsal that I didn't like. In a few moments after, my mind also remembered a dance my MOM watched and told me about where a man and a women were sitting in chairs facing each other



(see chairs in image)

and drooling all over themselves and barking at each other. She really liked it.

Do you have any clues or advice about how to construct the arc of a work so it's alchemy …. or, to let the arc emerge w/out knowing …. This trips me up sometimes because the latter is more familiar and the former feels like a gem, but maybe a masculine gem?

Like that Tai Qi guy at the music festival that I told you about. He had an arc planned. But yes it was also gem-like. BIG QUESTION…..! Something I like to do recently is be in several different (solo?) processes simultaneously and not know yet how they connect. And the arc begins to emerge from the connecting.

the owl grid
July 8, 2012

A newer transduction for the *Relay* project- finding the edge between something which feels game-ish / mental and some other edge which is more attuned with the quality of the poem, fire's language:

national philistine
July 2, 2012

If you can, go to this site: national philistine

and listen to "Speeches and Talks" — The Spirit of Recession

Paul Chan!

Transduction
June 21, 2012

In the struggle with this piece *Relay*, my artistic companion; it's giving me a kind of challenge that is unfamiliar. No frame to work within, rather the absolute pleasure of practice and the atemporal a-spaciality of process. Perhaps that is the form? (*Eleni Stecopoulos*' thought). To imagine a solo that isn't a solo and a form that has none brings a bit of humor back in the creative quest.

What is the edge of solo, a collaborative solo, so much so that perhaps the words no longer hold? That's what happens on a good day when being in the world. We nourish one another. I come alive through relations and yet this piece wants to explore the solo realm. A collaborative solo? I want to extend the experience of singularity to the outer limits so the skein from *us* to *I* is so permeable you can't even say for sure which side of the pole it is on.

Relay

"Relation is in the middle, relay, flower description *to* flower becoming of the eye between light and heart." MMB

Time to get a little deeper into this center of things.

The words roll out of me, the poem is becoming a member of this being. Line by line, part by part, week by week, like an embodiment marathon. Over a month ago I thought I would write about *transduction*, which feels like the right word to describe one of the ways the language comes into my movement life, that I work the dance and the dance of the language. The writing makes the poem make even more sense, the alternation, the act of it has a kind of potency. In relation to a Score, a translation, or a prompt, there is this thing I am finding, *transduction.* It turns

out is a real world, and there is even a book of poems called *Transducer*. I may read that some day. Transduction- what it means to me- is an act of taking the material over from the land of one form and finding its life in a new one. With this text there is an instantaneously finding of movement from its rhythm, its tone, its prosody. Perhaps it is second-nature, moving. It is not necessarily from the clarity of a Score. It finds it, it crosses over. *Eleni: draws the power from one thing – what poetry can do* (mg: and any art?)*, how do we draw the power from this rhetoric and make something else?* Transduction is action that is grounded in the fruits of discipline, but need not be disciplined, rather I pass over and that movement is like flight.

Phrases like this, what is their dance?

"above the fields like reading ….."

"tracing the empty space running through things"

"I send the interrupted line over the top of space … "

Pole Star

I asked her: what is some thing you have found in your composing of language that moves you?

She responded, and we took it from there. Notes on E: *My own trying to. fragments of stories. Difficulty of telling stories. I have to do it that way. Not a conscious style. Somatic realism. The story isn't whole. A lot of pain in these stories. Nobody knows the whole story. It makes me want to write. This is not a MOVE I am trying to make.*

"This form feels closest to my body's experience of it"

A form that replicates, sympathetic homologies, homeopathic.

The conversation with Eleni brought me back to remember the felt sense of transducing.

Questions that arose about the piece from our talk:

Why does the poem make me want to write? What is the route? What process makes what form? What would it be to try another kind of form? Not about it but now. What are the images? How can I make a place, a form that can hold?

And there comes the possibility of the formless form.

“the eye between light and heart”

something grows if i say that lines over and over

and over

the eye between light and heart

the eye between light and heart

light and heart

light

heart

the eye between light and heart

still in process formless form

Thirdspace, Site, Hybridity, Y, Radical Opening
April 7, 2012

Inscribed journeys real and imagined

Last summer, I went to Ithaca to work with collaborator landscape architect, Margot Lystra. Our diachronic project, *Withness: Researching Site through Dance and Design* took the form of *Shimmering Ithaca*, in which we began to research the territories in the neighborhoods of Ithaca as a locus for our respective practices. Out of that time spent, we ended up writing a series of blog entries back and forth to one another on our investigations into Site. I thought it would be good to link up with those essays here, so heregoes:

Mutualism

Clouds

Thirdspace and culminations that are really transitions

In addition, one of the ways I spent the residency was familiarizing myself more deeply with a subject of great interest, "thirdspace" that I had come across in research on the art project ***Y*** around 2009. If I had encountered it through my previous (academic) studies, I had forgotten (integrated?) the word. *Thirdspace* is a term which in part comes from Homi Bhaba's discussions of hybridity in relation to Colonialism. He writes that the fixed nature of the binarism Coloniser/Colonized reduces the interstitiality and interrelationships of things. Bhaba moves away from singularities in understanding cultural production, and goes on to describe a new kind of space, a more generative space, *thirdspace*, which is a recombinatorial and open perspective, as well as critical move.

Now, to read about this Move was a kind of revelation that I came upon during ***Y***, which in my own practice comprised an experiential

thirding, as seen right down to the writing of the letter as 3 branches: \ , / , and

|

below. My intent was to instantiate potentiality in space-time through my process and composing. All elements were brought in as attempt to experience coherency to what I had been reading/making out as the nature of *Y*-ness. I had to work with my own human measurement at every step to honor that intent. And yet the nature of what ***Y*** sought was opening from preconceived expectations, so there was a kind of being in the seat of the unknown that it required. ***Y*** used my imagination and materialized alchemical thirding through dancing-drawing and speech. **Y** was developing longterm study in *embodied languaging* and *inscriptions,* areas of my investigatory focus. There is nothing like coming into theory that articulates the live experience, and to realize that this thing that I was uncovering in my own art practice – querying queerness and alchemy – indeed had a huge discourse in which it swam and perhaps somehow sprung! Indeed again I re-member permeability and that the imaginal space is a kind of site or territory in and of itself. Coming to well-written theory has a life force charge for me. I read something that poetically uncovered what I found seemingly in the a hermetic environment of my imagination and artistic development through a series of turns accumulated in what felt like a personal path. And then later came this word, or did it induce me unconsciously to come to *It*? This term-finding yet again opened up the nature of the subject (Y), which somehow is what the research was trying to do, to open up, to branch, to find more and more space within what is present. Language can be music. And in movement, the inscriptions arise at times as beautiful tones.

There in Ithaca, I came to see asymptotic discussions collide (is this the very nature of thirdspac*ing*?), of thirdspace being used in terms of site, such as in the work of Edward Soja, who introduces *thirdspace* in the spatiality of human life. He writes

of the limitations of spatial dualism, and connects Lafebvre's proposals of the production of space with thirding. He uses *thirdspace* broadly: "tentative and flexible term that attempts to capture what is actually a constantly shifting and changing milieu of ideas…" And mentions:

Foucault called this "Other spaces" (*des espaces autres*)

Feminist geographers like Gillian Rose

Border ideas as a kind of spatializing in the work of Gloria Anzaldua, Maria Lugpones, Gayatri Spivak

Performances of Guillermo Gomez Pena

Homi Bhaba as the progenitor of the term.

Trialectics as the thirding of the spatial imagination

all these helped to develop *thirdspace*.

(N.B.: What is its relation to a temporary autonomous zone?)

And with this further analysis, I was swooning. Somehow the *thirdspace* was informing me about the nature of my artistic projects, *bringing space* to them. Space Image Art Life Place. It's a kind of obvious realization, that to read, to engage with discourse and text further broadens. In fact that realization is how Y started in the first place, in a place in time through a series of movements and then a kind of moment of an idea arising (thunder).

I bring this up now since *thirdspace* is so apt as a concept along with the re- and ongoing mobilizations of the Occupy movements, with hybridity in art and activisms, in the nature of somatics, and in decolonization practices, etc. I believe that this term could be theoretically useful as well as valuable in further opening up the imagination of those that encounter it, and as a

way to recognize the radical openings that we are witness to and on a good day, a part of.

What exactly is it at a given moment to be in a process of radical opening?

Read Between the Lines
March 31, 2012

Something about the research process unfolded like an induction. The recent stanza of mm b's poem that I was putting to memory starts like this:

When insight comes in a dream,

and events the next day

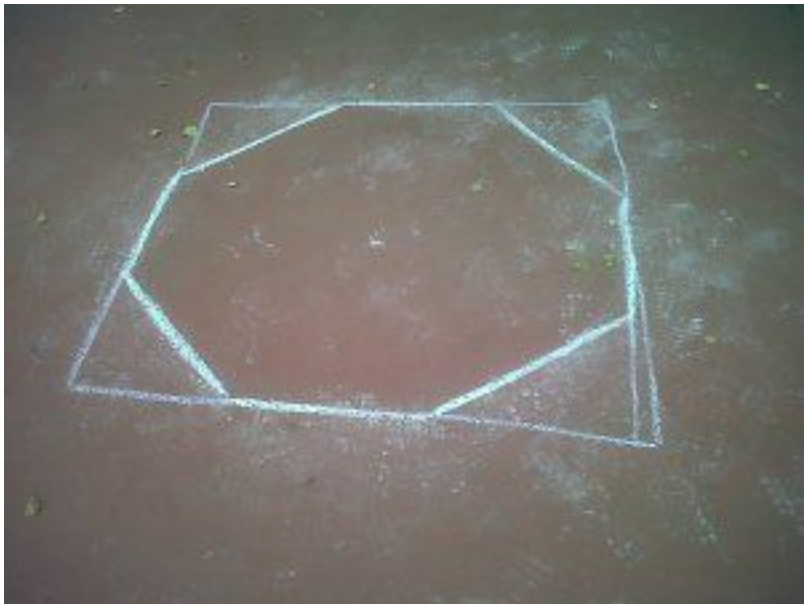
illuminate it, this begins your

streaming consciousness.

synchronicity, asymptotic lines…

It hasn't been quite that clearly packaged this past week, more like a cousin of the phenomenon. More like when a friend years ago (2005)mentioned that he was working with the dream-like nature of reality through tracing, in that instance the color red. He followed the narrative of red as we went out into the streets to dance and aimlessly wander through the streets of Williamsburg as part of Pearl's Movement Research Festival offering, bardo, and so it made a story, giving insight into the mind, the conditions in which our perceptions are embedded. Jumpcut to this past week, i watched a narrative of the lines unfold.

We were working with the Bagua, and here below is the first one I drew in chalk to walk around. The eight sides and their respective trigrams, the cardinals, elements, and a pathway to follow pre-heaven's qi. Really, this was like regular day of qigong practice, but what proceeds was the streaming. In a way all practice is a kind of asymptote, as we more deeply practice, there is a kind of converging that never finishes.



This was the first time my teacher Micheline actually brought the chalk for us to draw the lines we have inscribed for so many years through walking the bagua within the different sets of the Wild Goose. What power it is to mark, and then as if sliding along the sticky mud, we traverse the sides, the angles, projecting out the base of the ball of the foot, so too much to get into here. I was proud of the lines, as each of us drew our own, it expressed something of our respective natures, instantiated in specificities like the rubs of the feet and the densities/ intensities of the chalk.

Later on in the day at the first-floor run-though for Macklin Kowal's show (I am acting as a dramaturge in his new piece at the Meridian SF), the lines came up again. Phoenicia and Rachael walk

these very specific rectangular patterns that conversely grow and recede in space and increase in timing. It is something of a meditative geometry in the form of live art and installation. The ladies in darkness, lace and so much more frame and reframe the paintings in the gallery, stop time, form parallaxes, converge, tweak perspective, through the simplicity of action. All this in shift through the enactment of my watching as I resituate myself and compose their action with a kind of focus that who knows if it would emerge were I at the night of the show with people, other floors to see – a different context and a different set of lines. It is a pleasure and a gift to watch with intent. It grows me as a viewer. I found myself craving the clarity of the corners, not necessarily in action, but in intent, and said so.

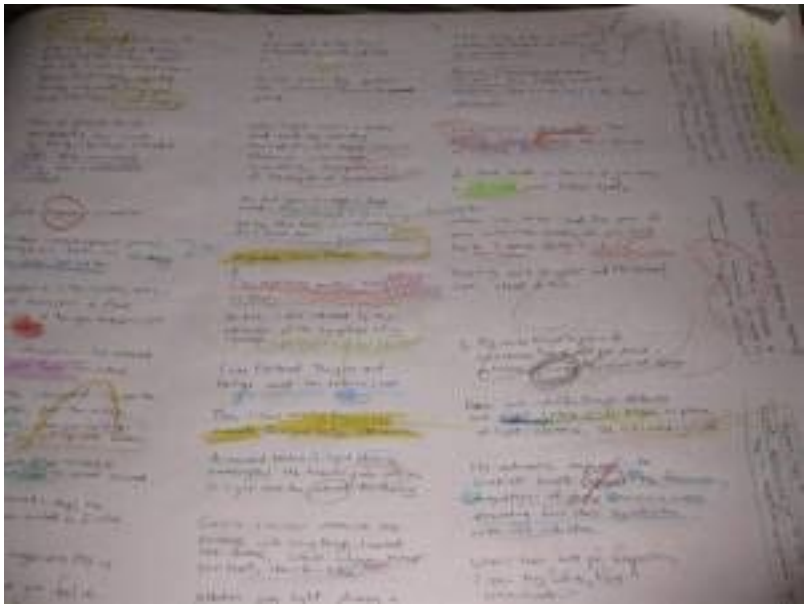
Later in the day, as we were at Kunst-Stoff Arts teaching the art workout series, we found our environment embodying the themes we set forth: place (+ its integral partner, context). All the doors opened and closed as people emerged and disappeared like the comedy of Noises Off, perturbing any fantasy of sanctity of four walls as private. Something about the nature of this space requires a lack of clarity upstairs, and this enriched and disturbed. I made a circle of blankets as a rim for open space moving, and then we played with some resituatings of the whole composition. At the end when we were reporting on what had happened, Sarah mentioned a desire to mark the edges of the perimeter, and I remembered her lying there, changing angles, lying again, and realized that the shape I made was indeed more of an octagon than anything else. She slid through a dance bagua! Patterns. Material patterns and patterns of relations. Unfolding of the images of the dream.

If I read between these lines, this begins my streaming consciousness.

The next qigong class, i chose to make two baguas, with the smaller enfolded within the larger (see below). It had a mandala-feel to it, and its function was to mark the space of a

supposed size to work with and then something more spacious to extend through as I walked. A place to start and a sense of possibility in its specificity. I positioned myself between the lines, and we began our steps….

let the relays begin
March 31, 2012



relay is a new artistic practice stream (starting in 2011) which came out of my absolute joy in reading Mei-Mei Bersenbrugge's *Concordance*. In its nascence, I am taking on the self-proclaimed term "dance poet," learning by doing. For now, absorbing the language through memorization, and watching the images of the live aspect as they grow in my imagination. It feels vital to know the poem through speaking, singing, drawing, writing, exgesing (?!), before it knows what the further expression will be. Gearing up for a show at the new Garage, SF in July. I am hoping by then to have the whole poem embodied.

This is so far a "solo" project, but that term does not quite fit the experience, as I am attempting a kind of collaboration in which I access inspiration, feedback, and perhaps later dramaturgy from the brilliant artists in my midst, following the felt sense opening up. "Collaborative solo" ? So far: Language and poetry

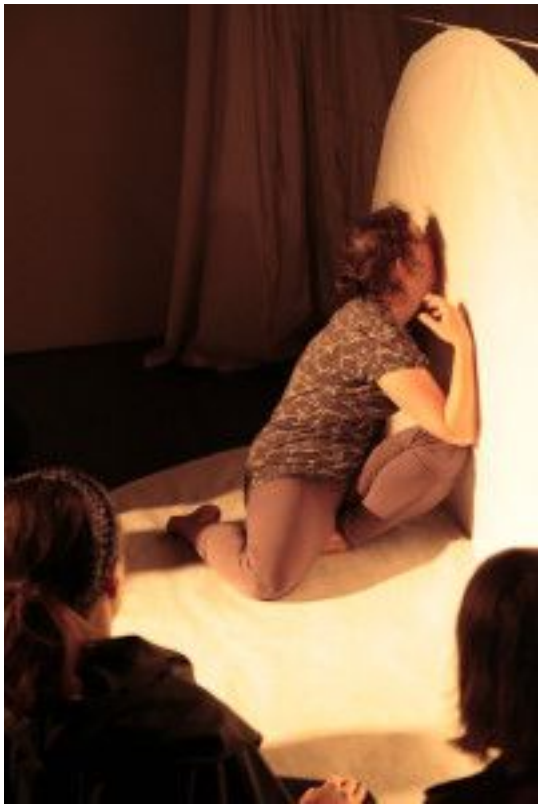
learning skills from Jessika Kenney and artistic counsel from Violet Juno.

This piece potentially intersects with some fascinations in my studies is Chinese cosmology, particularly around the nature of the elements of the trigrams, the bagua, and personal and intimate understanding of the energetics of sex and yin essence (sexual organs). we will see if and how these aspects mutually embed over time.

Some Photos of Y by Amar Chaudhary at Milk Bar 11-11-11
December 12, 2011

These photos were taken by Amar Chaudhary, fellow performer at Milkbar 11-11-11, Oakland CA (with a video still by Ian Winters, as well). ***Y*** is currently an evolving duet with Kadet, who in this incarnation of ***Y*** grew it, dynamizing the score and incorporating ***Y*** text into the piece using my recorded voice with her audio mastery; it shook it up in a beautiful way. Somehow the piece is expanding….

Though the habitat of the piece condensed into a smaller sphere (and because of it?),



(Ian's video still)

it busted open….

Ischial Drawing
November 21, 2011

Yesterday in Snake Cultivation we spent some time practicing the curving and bowing of our bones from the blade of the hand and extension of the fingers through the diagonal sitz bone. We worked with several lines and connections, and this was one of them. Some lines as imagined to create clarity, others what we found, and others still emerged through the linkage of bone to bone to bone…. There is something about the power that emerges from the drawing and pushing through of this particular tuberosity that can *do* so much in one's dancing – direction, clarity, power, flow. I woke up this morning and did a sitting bone drawing: reaching from the hand, pushing and pulling from the bone and the multiple angles of the bone as it connects through the spinal linkage -> through shoulder -> arm -> eventually the marker. Steve Paxton helped clarify in connecting through the pinky and ring finger as a differentiated action from folding from the other three.

Here is one image:

Years ago in training with Dennis Leri: he spoke of the cyberneticist who came to the San Francisco ’75 Feldenkrais Training and discussed the ease of writing to be transferred to other parts of the self, that we can write not just with our hands, but that our movement patterning generalizes to places as distal as the top of one’s head, which expressed the holography of human action and neural pathways (is this Karl Pribham?). Since then it incited in me so much experimentation and play with writing through the whole body. And here and now, the sitz bones. Maybe the picture per se is no masterpiece, yet in the practice of making it, some clarity emerged as mediated through both the action of drawing, the clarity of the pathway, and the motor and initiation of the thing. This idea definitely was one of the seeds that incited my research into inscriptions and embodied writing.

The materiality of the bones. The *Material for the Spine*. Kinematic linkages from vertebra to vertebra to vertebra… The structural intentionality of the livingness of bone. The spongeyness of bones. The spaciousness and spirallic nature of bones. Their bendability.

Rich source for creative research. Bone nerd this morning, for sure.

A letter in prep for Y at MILKBAR 11/11/11
November 10, 2011

Kadet,

I am listening to the sound score this morning you have been working on and I wanted to let you know that it is really incredible what you have done – made some of the previous words of Y come alive into a new breath with your own mark so strong and clear. Somehow, through the alchemy of your making, the words have retained their story yet they are taken out of the literal into sound and texture and space. It is very moving, and I look forward to seeing what we are moved to do in the moment on Friday night.

What I am working on is how I am setting up the space. From center to opening….a kind of pulse in the arc of it? Not sure how to achieve it yet, but it is brewing. I want the circle space to be quite small this time and I'll cover it with aluminum foil. Silver- metal- fall, the chinese energetics obvious, and there are so many associations, like reflection, the mirror, and the mirror pieces I worked on in Troy, like when Eric Hoffsten covered his whole dorm room with foil freshman year – the phenomenon of it was so goofy, and so cool for the punky nerd gothness of it. The idea, then, is kind of funny, and the joke is a portal to a different kind of joke, one that is more resonant with the power of the piece: as a kid, one of my favorite things to do was to eat Ring Dings, and yes, they were delicious with their chocolate coating, and slimy sweet partially-hydrogenated center layer, but it was about the afterwards that mattered, that I would then have in my hands a precious piece of tinfoil that I could work with, clean, and clear. My job was without any question, to smooth it out. This gets at an essence of the purification of metal, but for this ***Y***, what is even more compelling is that the tinfoil is like a tablet for writing, be it making forms or purifications through erasure. I want to set up a construction for Friday where there is a tablet

for writing that may not be visible but connects to one of my own ancient first-art writing rituals (Another had to do with Andes Candies, but that is for another time!). The breath and purification, and the contraction and expansion of fall/Metal, associated with breath and elimination (Lung, Large Intestine). We are in the eye of it now, the Y of it.

I can't even yet deal with the fact of 11/11/11. It is really too beautiful and potential to understand, with the full moon coming up tonight and the Hunbatz Men's crystal skulls on their way west to LA: http://crystalskullsevent.com/index.html

So, let's dance and make the music, and see what happens. I am interested in how bright the moon will glow into the space on Friday.

I have been noticing in my own work that there is all this construction and revision and consent and creation and real-time that takes place, and then in the end there is an aspect to making the art where it turns in and has to be offered up for my own vital force, that that indeed is the way to engender the deepest effect, and that for me this is around the writing, and it is through this aspect that the meaning is made, the signature signed, the life breathed into it. As I discovered years ago through my work with *inscriptions*, this writing is not so obvious and not so literal, rather there is this realm for me called *writing*, or *righting* (or *wrighting)*, where the meaning is inscribed into space, into the body/environment. I feel excited to see what can emerge through the foil, and feel further en-deepened through your invitation for me to blog on it all

Hugs, mg

Y: pluripotency (Earth) at Highways, SOMAFest 2011

In thinking about the class I led last Monday at Art Workouts, questions at end:
October 30, 2011

In thinking about the class I led last Monday at Art Workouts, questions at end:

I thought to myself, how to lead people through something that would offer them a sense of themselves, multi-sensorially? Building off the research questions that Abby and I are in as teachers and as co-conspirators in the experiment for this session, I let many of the ones between us so far enter into my construction of the class, and through our recent performance research in letting-it-go, I simultaneously let the preparation and the questions all go when I taught, and let it come from all the conditions that led up to making our environment be as it was in the room together. It is a mysterious thing to be-in-the-teaching-moment, to really let the people and the work we are doing together open up within myself so that I can somehow be a curator for our collective ideas, like a filter with its own motor, some kind of glow-in-the-dark fish.

I worked with the question, how to continue with this desire to make a bridge from a multi-sensorial experience into the making? A way I thought to do this was both analogous and experiential: work with the sensation of skin (in many forms), and then work also with the skin as the thing which forms, as that magical organ that is a transmediation thru interiority and exteriority (terms which are just signposts for the directions of attention?). We worked to effervesce our skin. We used our practice text found in the basement of Bookends in Florence, MA written the same year of the first Love-In at the Haight. Make skins get very alive as a surface and a place for interaction, and as a place to sense oneself. Then, with this waking up of its sensing itself (and of course all the other senses that interact with the haptic: vision, smell, proprioception, and on and on…..), we could maybe understand from this experience what form itself was, what it meant to contain, what it meant to compose the being in space and in environment. That to experience form would possibly teach us something about form and forming. I brought in a version of a friction dance off of a class I took with Karen Nelson at SFADI back in the 90's I do believe where my duet with River was revelatory. Bringing sense to the conversation when it started to feel like we could become talking heads. Work with the materials and make them ours, now, with love and respect from where they came, with honor for my teachers, and to the moment. All these tools I have had the pleasure of gathering over the years from so many places in my movement practices where we deeply get into the sensation, the design, some outpoured here into the skin of Monday Night Art Workouts. It felt necessary at some point to explicitly bring in some aspects of the research of Lisa Nelson's Tuning, like if we didn't we would be missing the compositional key. So she arose.

There was this incredible paradox that came through in this felt analog of skin to performance skin (In my quests I have come to understand that all conscious embodied experiences have at least some paradoxes embedded into them). This time this one of waking up the skin as a surface shows how it is not really a separation

at all..but more like a way to actually sense the inner and outer landscapes more fully, and as connected. Interpenetration. Intertextuality. Permeabilty. Body-as-environment.

When we watched one another, it was from having reversed and used our sense memory to restore our positions from the week before as a bridge. We let ourselves notice how we organized ourselves to listen. We reversed sides of this, and let it deteriorate. I used the questions that arose in out of the evening's discussions that were salient for what we were building together: from Milka's presentation about sense memory from her book report and reading, from Ali's infiltration of the relationship of sensation and place, and Mara's image of sensation as language, how I interpreted this as dub. And so many more bodies brilliance, what the physical research of each Workout participant brought into the space.

Gratitude for everyone's willingness to come along for the ride, for the 5-minute presentations. For the class that proceeded led by Abby to be a kind of foundation, and the years of our work here and how it is continuing to get richer.

So, if I had any questions as grist for the mill for the next class in the series, it would be: How do we get out of the way to let our participants sense themselves? And how is this a bridge to an investigative view? How to more explicitly research the sensations of the mind? How do we challenge ourselves to stay with the material already with us, to build deeply from the arc already starting? And how much to depart from all of this so we can offer a tapestry? Maybe the question is- what is the function of tapestry, and what is the function of bricolage? How is it worth exploring this skin to performance skin further? How do we take instructions from what the presentations of the students bring into the mix? How do we fully allow ourselves to be in a research together, as a fluorescent school of creatures?

Whole body.

I’m New Here
September 28, 2011

Gil Scott Heron’s *I’m New Here* just came up on my headphones. The song is so beautiful, and in it are messages that continually unfold -both with clarity and pain. As a lover of his work over the years, I can’t help but wonder what it must have been like to be produced in fancy colors by the pop world? Of course, how fortunate we are that the albums got produced so soon before he passed, yet, how strange it is the form they took…Is this what he was new in, willing to be produced by whiteness? Of course with the consciousness of hegemony, is one ever outside the machine? Gil Scott Heron’s voice is so gravelly; here is a man in what will turn out to be the ending phases of his life, with his unique circumstances -was he just bone bone tired and weary from the infinite shit projected onto black men in this society? Of course even me, here….. Having very little understanding of the history of the production of the album, it elicits a reflection in me on the elusive interdependency of content and context, yet again….

What kind of energy does it take to self-produce, or to be a part of a movement of production? I have always associated GSH with Black Arts and as a poet within radical black activism, yet the kind of work it takes to mobilize the environment within which creation takes place is tremendous, be it a national movement, or coalition-building, or a small group producing the Julius Ford/Harriet Tubman Healthy Living Experience, or an independent artist making work.

I tend to be obsessed with this aspect of the picture – not just the thing made, but all the conditions that arise and are composed to make that thing the thing that it is. And the inverse of this, of course, is the power of the thing itself, and what it says. In recent years, I have desired to find the harmony of the content

and context, and give equal measure to both. But, indeed, I'm new here, too.

On independent self-production I have recently been blown over yet again by Pearl Ubungen's performance/community arts work in the Tenderloin, SF, just thinking of what it was to make the connections in real time and space, before the comfort of a gated Tenderloin National Forest like we were embraced in through the Luggage Factory Annex and Buffet Flats. What does it mean to make work that interacts with the society within which it takes place, in a real way beyond some lip service? This takes time and coalition building. Some people are called to make art that at all levels is….understood. I have felt this through how Pearl works in many contexts, including personally – in a way this is a reminder that art is a framing of our values, and we practice it through how we live. It is an inspiration to witness, and to grow from this. Fortunately, she is not the only one!

As a newbie in the Bay Area, as a white woman with numerous privileges, it is easy for me to jump into the easier currents of what is, eg: to take the Temescal neighborhood for granted as is without regards to its history and the rapid process of gentrification that scourges neighborhoods and Oakland knows all too well. Through reflections on history, and reflections on the power of community organizing, my continual learning of what I am stepping into is only greatened, and so rewarding. I often think this as I teach *qigong* in the parks around what used to be Merrit College and Dorsey's Locker, imagine that years ago the Black Panthers distributed the Red Book, handed out meals, and it is the tip of the iceberg to a huge wave of history and activism as well as personal and social histories in this geographic node.

Our social structures are undeniably unfair, racist, and at times and for many in many ways, inaccessible. Some communities are filled with resources to the point that just to walk down the street is a healing, whereas the disenfranchised are denied even basic goods, healthcare and grocery stores. This is hard to take.

Yet, as I write this I see a small opening: isn't just to walk down the street the healing, no matter what – to breathe through and be part, even if for a moment, of a neighborhood, to circulate and become a little more connected, to sit on the stoop and meet the folks who lived on your block years before you, to be bold to meet the ones you have yet to meet, and learn their names?

In terms of art-making and being a participant in the practice and viewing of it, I am in awe of the histories before me. I see the power of what it takes to make it, and in my days more of dwelling, I wonder why people do it at all. There is this mysteriously jagged and fine line between bringing light into the world through art and doing it from the position of ego, and sometimes it is hard to see what side its on, which side I am on. I asked this question this week, and it grows inside of me: "Can you let go and still stay engaged?", and somehow this is apt here, in this rambling about art, citizenship, humanness, race, and being situated.

I recognize in others when there is a beautiful synthesis of the power of a voice and all the voices and conditions that brought that voice into being. Sometimes the song is potent enough that it breaks through the exhaustion and sleep and helps us to hear more deeply; this is a kind of breaking away, breaking through that ruptures the everyday, and brings about a consciousness, and it is in this place of living for which I hold immense gratitude.

I don't want to stop knowing that I am new here, and I look forward to the journey of noticing more and more how I am and can be a part of it.

Y at SOMAFest – Highways
September 22, 2011

TORONTO, ON — Scientists have found a control switch that regulates stem cell "pluripotency," the capacity of stem cells to develop into any type of cell in the human body.

The word *pluripotency* informed my performance of ***Y*** at SOMA Fest. *Pluripotency* is the potential of a cell to develop into more than one type of mature cell, depending on environment, aka: that the DNA of a cell can fully transform *through the living*. This term came up through my performance research earlier in the day in Santa Monica as a source for my dancing – a question to dance with and a knowing, at the same time.

Y (Pluripotency) was also led by by the seasonal element earth, and the great history and environment of the gallery space of Highways, LA. I was inspired to be on top of many many names drawn with marker, as I nestled, sweat, and danced to tunes in my white cell after I painstakingly taped it up. Over the hours I spent warming up into the space with the ebb and flow of the other performers and folks that work there, I came to read over and over and learn many of the names, and realized they were all dead, I am thinking from AIDS because of the famous ones. I read them attentively.

As Arawana Hayashi spoke of the traditional Japanese dance form she practices, *bagaku*, she told the story that we in bodies as the living have the ability to resonate the environment with our movement, and stomping on the earth helps the ancestors, considered radishes, grow. In *bagaku*, to dance is literally to nourish the departed, which in turn supports life. Perhaps this is some other inverted/non-linear/creative link between lineage and pluripotency?

video still by David Gilbert

I wonder about that aspect of alchemy/magic how it is timeless in a way, that through our actions we can shift the past (…..) is pluripotency something like that? I feel that some time when I do my movement practices, I am changing the very roots and connections of my heritage. Moshe Feldenkrais talked about this, and how being mobilized for action, all action, indeed was a kind of being independent of heritage – a terrifying concept and yet an empowering one, at the same time. There are so many perspectives: art, science, sacred. It is a thrill to be able to work with the approaches, curate them, draw from them, and live arts seems to provide some critical space for this synthesis of epistemologies – dance as poetry as research as….

I wrote this and said it to the crowd before I entered into the cell:

This circle is on top of the earth

The earth here in LA is golden

In this room, the circle covers words written on the floor

They are names of the beloved

who are gone.

Let the names rise.

Y is a piece of ongoing performance research since 2002. More info here. It is currently a piece that takes place in a big cell, a la Daffy Duck, with a sound score both live or recorded by Kadet. Original 30-second dramaturgy came from George Lugg, whose great idea was to let the circle grow from the wall to take over a whole area and envelop. And mysterious influences by sharing studio space with GT. David Hurwith called the big circle environment classical! Upon request, he gave me a 30-second dramaturgy for this Highways version to help me understand *earthness* in cells, which he described as a gentle pull that draws the matter-ness/that-which-has-weight within towards the center.

invocation station, a living installation September 15, 2011

Buffet Flats, fall 2011.

Niki Ford and I have been exploring the body-food-earth connection together and presented our fruits, *the Invocation Station,* on September 11, 2011, an auspicious day indeed. This collaboration was prompted by Seth Eisen, who invited me to present at Buffet Flats – Harvest Moon; he suggested working with an expert, and since the series is dedicated to performance, food, and ecology, who came to my mind of course was my dear neighbor Niki, a food artist, fabulist, ex-Chez Panisse chef, and with a grand history in performance art! We have been jiving over the past few years in a mutual adoration of the power of Chinese energetics – therefore the relationship of body-mind-earth-plus, and integral to any connections with Niki is the gift of the art of food! Below is a

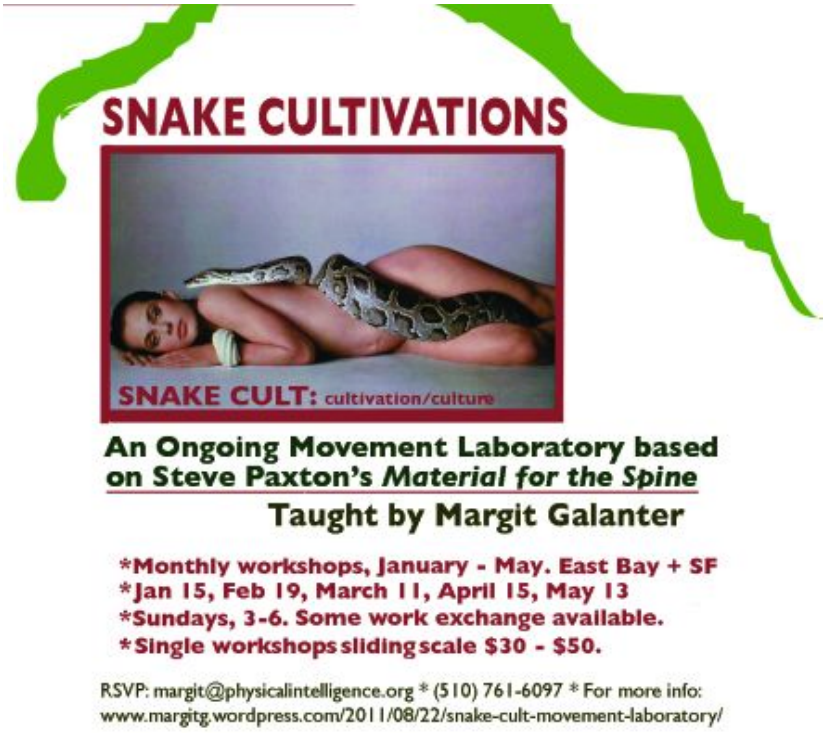
link to the opening of our living installation. This project offered us the opportunity to bring so many aspects of our life to the table, and when this takes place, it is a gift, indeed.

MG + NF at Buffet Flats, video of the opening poem + manifesto

more to follow with this as we revisit what the heck happened!

photo by Niki Ford

Snake Cult- Movement Laboratory
August 22, 2011


SNAKE CULTIVATIONS
SNAKE CULT: cultivation/culture
An Ongoing Movement Laboratory based on Steve Paxton's Material for the Spine
Taught by Margit Galanter
*Monthly workshops, January - May. East Bay + SF
*Jan 15, Feb 19, March 11, April 15, May 13
*Sundays, 3-6. Some work exchange available.
*Single workshops sliding scale $30 - $50.
RSVP: margit@physicalintelligence.org * (510) 761-6097 * For more info:
www.margitg.wordpress.com/2011/08/22/snake-cult-movement-laboratory/

SNAKE CULT:

An Ongoing Movement Laboratory based on Steve Paxton's Material for the Spine

Taught by Margit Galanter

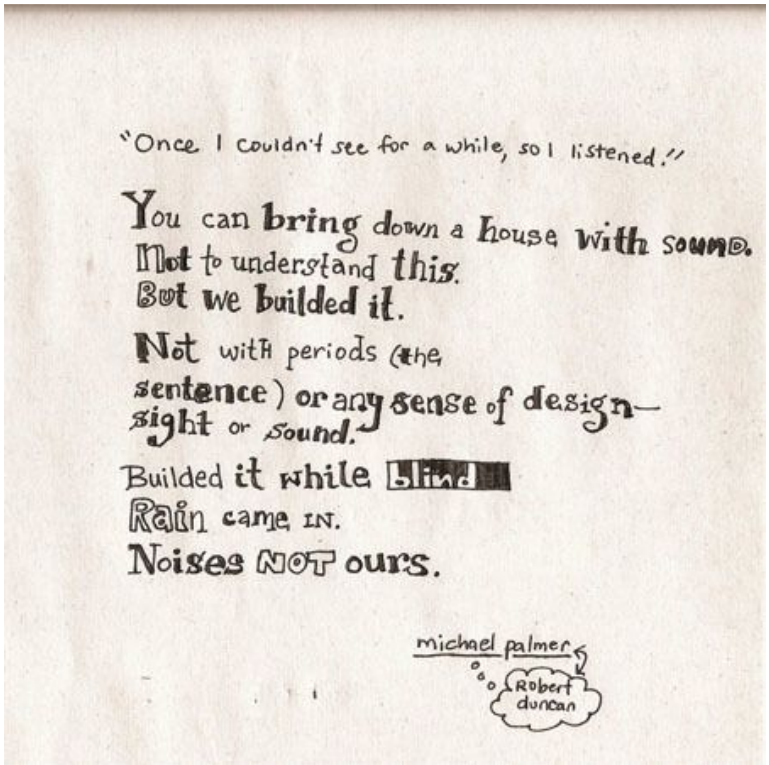
The spine is a physical and imaginal resource for clarity in dancing and depth of power. In this ongoing experiment, we will investigate the architecture and function of the central axis, as well as the quality of movement that comes from intimacy with our spine over time. The foundational tools for this study will be

Steve Paxton's Material for the Spine, along with qigong, the Feldenkrais Method , and improvisational forms.

The goal of the Cult is collective and creative study that enriches our respective practices and brings new and brilliant movement into the dance habitat.

mirror scribbles
July 28, 2011

Dennis Leri quoted this in an article on The Feldenkrais Method a few years ago. Sometimes words resonate with such potency they literally *move* me: to read them again and again, to sing them aloud, to a well of emo-responses, and in this case, to embody and trace through writing it pretty.


"Once I couldn't see for a while, so I listened."
You can bring down a house with sound.
Not to understand this.
But we builded it.
Not with periods (the
sentence) or any sense of design—
sight or sound.
Builded it while blind
Rain came in.
Noises NOT ours.
michael palmer
Robert duncan

Notes from Foxing Rehearsal
May 20, 2011

Getting ready for the Foxing (Work in Progress) showing as part of Kunst-Stoff Arts/Fest next Wednesday- more faith that it can cohere after all of this. This morning we:

decided not to fully change most of the material of the piece less than a week before the show

went back to newspaper, probably

practiced to find if ecstasy requires a boundary to experience it, danced to find what *tui* might be

probably said the word "Duchamp" 7 times and "then she said" 4x4x9 times

Took a full half hour to warm up, in which I started with the breath-thing I am trying to start with whenever I remember it, tried out the three Feldenkrais lessons from yesterday, recovered the difference between medium and environment a la Varela, and continued to work my *tui* text, all while listening to the cover of "Head over Heals" and the sad and beautiful Bruce Springsteen song from Patti's iPod a few times.

We discussed if lanterns would be cheesy no matter how they lived in our habitat

And gratefully, we have returned to the maggoting from *Unblown* – whole new context.

Coherency
January 19, 2011

This is a page position paper I wrote in preparation for the Somatics, Dance, and Writing Symposium *taking place February 2011 in Ann Arbor, MI. Organized by a whole team and headed by Petra Kuppers:*

Coherency – Margit Galanter

Just as we have inherited Cartesianism, so, too, we can expose its fallibility. The weight and power of the split is insidious; it creeps into discussions on artistic practice, it rears its head during physical acts. It's a member of the fertile landscape where movement and language meet.

In our practices – which may in a given moment span the rarified, the generic, as well as the unique – how do we address the *coherency* of a being-in-environment?

As a somatic practitioner, I bring this quest to the table. My work includes supporting that which is silently in the room, waking up some dormant aspects, and also witnessing what *is* without having to fix it. At the end of a session, our voices have necessarily changed. As a movement investigator and dance poet, I live in the interstices where forms intersect, conjoin, and break away. I compose from languages that emerge through making some *thing*. It is not so simple as the maker and the thing made; novelty has brought new progeny and unions

Recent medical research experiments use light, color, and sound to mend human tissue. This is a reinstantiation of what some artists and mystics have struggled to keep alive all along.

What is the experience of integration? What does it take to provide a context that enables the complex, awkward, and multi-varied being to coalesce and sense his/her/their self? How

to invite the transmediary voices, to support the spark that ignites a creative process? What invokes curiosity where habituated and limited notions of a self-image dwell?

We are not skin and bones, nor are we a brain, nor senses, nor hands-to-the-keyboard with a set of eyes-to-edit, nor our pain, though at times any of these functions might rise to the surface. Rather, we come with a complex of states, systems, vibes, and utterances. All these uniquely form the being at a given moment. They organize based on our intention and attentions to formulate the actions we conduct. There is a constant flux in feedback with the environment. The somatic experience is necessarily social, and necessarily experiential, both.

Most saliently these days, the work I practice fits into a realm I call *inscriptions*. In its most basic description, it refers to embodied language, or language-through-dance. It is my own kind of 'writing.' Though the terms only get at a trace of the practice, they allude to the richness of the crossing of forms that carve the image space.

Writing: I use the term 'writing' to refer to action that seems to elicit an inscribing in the body/environment. It need not be words on page, though it certainly can be. It may also be a whole body drawing, a particular tone on a piano, or the description of something that interrupts a previous felt sense of spatiality thereby shifting the image. Re-membering.

In the studio: we gave up on the formalities of Authentic Movement after almost a full round and shared the dance space for 13 minutes. Each of us on our own started to make sounds. For me, ugly growls that I didn't hold back, a mobile tongue connected virtually to my perineal pumping. Whole-body yawning. A shared spontaneous moment of total silence. The sounds shifted into long tones, and I had very little urge to move because the tones moved me and moved through me. In my felt experience, they were clearing out the noxious gunk that had been collecting, and what emerged

was a sense of light and spaciousness that could come through. After this, my voice came down almost an octave.

It was in fact after that process where dance, writing, and a somatic experience met that I was even able to write this page at all.

Static + Lyrical
December 19, 2010

Static: I recently spent time in NYC, where it was East Coast winter cold. With the dry heat inside the buildings and the blasts of winter outside, my skin parched, and there was a specific self-awareness associated with being wrapped by the environment. Sardine Saran Wrap Action Art. I was wearing a hat a lot and dealing with all my layers of clothing, and it produced a kind of rub: *static*. I was interested in this sensation and began to see it as an emerging theme, a phenomenon. I found a new aspect of static – how it related to a sense of intimacy and further on the continuum, uncomfortable closeness. Static arose in the rubbing and frottage with clothes and people. Was walking the streets with Margot Lystra on a search for a site so there was a lot of being in the cold. Uncharacteristically, was taking dance classes and being in physical contact with strangers in that dance-class-way, so static came alive and something to pursue as a phenomenon and as an inquiry.

When I reflect on it more, the contrast between the privacy and autonomy of being anonymous on city streets seemed to give rise to the power of the openness of dancing in class (K.J.Holmes', Jennifer Monson's) – a kind of rub between worlds. And that way that in NYC people just approach one another and speak and interact is a kind of pressing through the shell; the boundaries have this particular permeability which the City engenders, and

the incredible power of the city with its patchwork nature – the edges – allows for openings, but to access you need to make an impact. Better to push in through it masterfully, the doors open easily that way.

As I sit here this morning back in Cali, I am aware of what it means to be closer or farther from someone psychically, about pushing and retreating with words and deeds, about rubbing into someone's way because it feels good, because it's propensity, because of its potential implications.

Last night I saw a group improvisation coordinated by Nancy Stark Smith with a whole slew of incredible performers and the theme that came up for me was how the work made visible lyrical-ness and static. I could speak about so much last night, but here is where a big lens is right now. I am rare to critique performance online as a dancer myself, so I am trying to figure out a way to write about this that will be true to my experience from the place of honoring the beauty of the work and effort and heart that the people brought to the stage- I would like that to be imbued in any description that follows.

Lyrical: My sense of this term is that it is a kind of quality that implies narrative, enthusiasm, emotion. When I take some time with the felt sense of the word, more arises (….. is a symbol for felt sense). There is a kind of implicit joy, connection, and flow. Lyricism in my ….. implies a kind of distance for the viewer since we are watching a *way*. The gentleness and soft body listening that are so useful in Contact Improvisation can invoke this lyricism, as can group togetherness. Does lyrical also imply a shared comfort? A far-off trumpet saying yes to a sunrise….. just what I get.

The rich complexity of the dances in the night's work gave so much to see and follow, and then there was this rub, so interesting to watch it arise!

As I watched the show, and even more specifically, as I tracked my interests and view, I became aware that in the big group improv there was an implicit quality to the movement realm. This was made very clear by watching Abby Crain in the piece, who didn't seem to buy into the implicit construct. Of course there was a large range of movement quality, and because there were so many dancers, everyone brought their unique ways, and that was very incredible to follow and feel. And from my seat, I saw Abby working with some same tools -listening, CI, ensemble thinking, and yet there was also another layer of observation in addition, where she would confront, rub – basically it was an instantiation of the static I had been experiencing, in another form. It grew throughout the piece. The static pierced through the lyric. (As they say, what you see inextricably linked to how you do it).

There are ways to enter dancing that make one enter into the flow of *It*. In my own experience with CI, I may or may not want to choose that. There are consequences for each and every action we take, and as we move through the world, we are strengthening our own habituation and resolve and identity. Pretty amazing the poignancy of the power of action! I say all this because sometimes in Contact I find the incredible lyricality to be a balm for my state, and through doing it I change into new forms, new energies; other times *it* rubs me and I rub *it*; and other times still, I can work within whatever frame I am given and find my navigation, thereby mutual change, and possible commune. I saw all of those and more last night.

To see the rub made the lyrical so clear.

The Treehouse Project
August 18, 2010

Margot Lystra, Landscape Architect and Margit Galanter, Movement Investigator + Dance Poet. SEEDS|EARTHDANCE 2010 Artists in Residence.

-A rock portrait and a precarious branch structure

Introduction

The following are notes of materials we presented as part of the SEEDS Festival Community Day on July 17, 2010 at Earthdance, in Plainfield, MA. Treehouse Project is part of a larger collaboration on the relationship to site *as seen through the lens of dance and landscape architecture.*

Our practices evolved out of the rich intersection of researching site and making in it. For this project, we allowed ourselves to hang out in uncertainty, giving ourselves ample space to figure out how to act and what to do in relation to a living site. The result is a practice that is both ethical and aesthetic.

Included here are some of the primary core ideas we developed over the course of our residency, a few of the tools we practiced, and the experiment proposal we conducted with the people present that morning.

Core Ideas

THE SITE IS ALIVE. Working in an environment is an ensemble activity. A living or fallen tree, an old stone wall, a charismatic accumulation of branches, is a thing-being with its own expressiveness, history, self-organization, and live-ness. Therefore working in any environment is working in dialogue with numerous partners.

RELATIONSHIP IS THE GROUND. Being and doing are first and foremost a form of interrelationship. Objects are not sealed, but interpermeable – thus all actions are inherently ***inter***actions.

LISTENING. Essential to partnering with a thing/being is learning its language, its self-organization, so that we can meet it in consideration of its terms and tendencies. In this way we explore difference towards mutuality.

CONSONANCE. When one's action succeeds at being both deeply personal and fully interactive, a form of consonance emerges, forming a tangible, mutually open connection between individual action and other entities in the world.

SHIMMERING. This work operates at the edge of perceptibility, occupying the edge between "as usual" and something more. In this way we tap into the "nature of" the thing/being and glow or amplify it.

TIME. It takes time to attune to the richness of landscape. Allowing this time provides for fascinations and connections to emerge, rather than thinking them up.

Some Tools

- work something to the shimmering edge of perceptibility

- use randomness (e.g. flinging) to work with the nature of a thing

- set up precarious structures – ones that ask to fall or be felled

- find vividness by releasing out through

- mend something

- give yourself a simple, compelling task and live in that task

Each of these tools elicits a myriad of questions regarding our role in the natural world, enabling us to confront and explore how to act and what to do in relation to our environment.

An Experiment for the Participants of our Presentation

Directions

At first, take time to explore and see what arises. After a time, find some entity out there that is of interest to you and try to understand it by making tasks that will reveal its self-organization. Whether this task/action focuses on sensing or on making something, its purpose is to build a relationship with a thing-being within this environment. If you find a task that really works, stick with it and see what grows.

Responses:

Beth: Lovely glimmers of your doings – I'm especially drawn to "find vividness by releasing out through"
a conversation for another day?

Jennifer: Margit, The core ideas are clearly and poetically stated. I am curious about what emerged, what kinds of meanings arise what is the "nature" of the relationship between these entities? The ethical side is quite powerful. The concept of shimmering to perceptability is beautiful.

what/who is perceiving what and who? I am so curious about the power of consciousness and imagination to shift perception. Looking forward to more

salon pARTy and Y observatory
June 2, 2010

DAY AND NIGHT * SATURDAY, JUNE 19

THE Y OBSERVATORY +
PARTICIPATORY ART TEMPLE
saturday, june 19 at subterranean arthouse
with Margit Galanter, artist-in-residence
10am: BREATHING
an hour for meditation, breathing, and making space
11am: MAKING
an hour for making material in the space.
To participate, bring your craft, what you want to work with.
12 noon: WRITING
an hour for embodying language through sound, writing, reading, drawing, and speaking. Big Paper provided.
You are welcome to come on the hour, when I will describe the segment in person. After that, the practice! There will be instructions in the space for those who join in the in-between. Enter and exit, like a gallery space, or join for a full hour or more.
Suggested Donation $5 - 10.
2179 bancroft way, berkeley

SUBTERRANEAN ARTHOUSE * 2179 BANCROFT WAY, BERKELEY

On Saturday evening, June 19, Kadet Kuhne and I will be hosting a salon pARTy at Subterranean Arthouse. That day, in preparation for presenting that evening, I am opening up practice space during the day for observation / participation. You are invited!

THE Y OBSERVATORY+ PARTICIPATORY ART TEMPLE

10am: BREATHING – an hour for meditation, breathing, and making space

11am: MAKING – an hour for making material in the space. To participate, bring your craft, what you want to work with.

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THE SALON PARTY

7 pm: Potluck

8:30: artists presentations and conversation

Then: late night video projections with musique by Vis à Vis (aka Jill Reiter)

Art presentations with time to hear about the work from the makers. Then have a conversation about art altogether. *Please bring food/snacks/drinks/dessert, & a donation$ towards the space as you are able.*

FEATURING

->**Samara Halperin**, video artist (www.samarahalperin.com)

->**Margit Galanter**, dance investigator (www.margitg.wordpress.com),

with Kadet Kuhne, media artist on sound (www.tektonicshift.com).

Vital
February 13, 2010

I seek vital nourishment. Doesn’t tension come from having a goal?

I indeed read. And as I do, I notice my shallow breath, unbeknownst breathing. In the dark hours of the morning, metal, lung.

If the quest for knowledge is infinite, therefore inexhaustable, is it possible that it might also be infinitely regenerative to search, as well? Or in its polarity, cause exhaustion… This here is the raisin in the sun.

Alternation brings with it variation in a process, a kind of vitality. Dynamism is fuel, is a potential for power without force, though there are no exclusions in fluidity. This back and forth is part of the real-time seeking, if I afford what actually emerges in a living process.

There is a dilemma in integration (the concept, and honestly therefore, a goal- with an image affixed);

comes with it a kind of attachment.

Rather than this synthesis I seek, this cultivation of space in order to allow for It to happen, what about relinquishing, obtaining without striving? Then this is indeed about *floating*— the lake may become flat, thus a mirror. undulate with the waves. be a part of, and therefore animate the landscape amongst.

I am not limited by incompleteness, which seems to be part of being behind, above, over, to the side of. It takes on a different timbre when I am dancing *with*.

Forms that arise and may delight. They do what they do and rather than my expecting, there is an endless unfolding. I open the subject, there is a coming forth.

The flow of the vital is a constant purification. The rivers rush through

Something about moving, walking, and synchronicity November 16, 2009

Take One:

The other night I went to the opening of the Museum of Performance Art on Sutter Street, SF. Marina Abramovic had a swift windfall in the form of a 1700 square foot raw gallery space in a very nice neighborhood, far from the burgeoning artspace in Hudson, NY. The event was very awesome, and we went to see the work of our dear friend Kadet, who had several installations in the show. Not only was the work tactile, sensate, architectural, participatory, and all those groovy words that make you feel a p/art of art, but also, Marina A. started the whole event heralding us into viewing by s l o w i n g us down…..After some speech, we were invited to break up walking into four acts, guided by the depth and resonance of her voice: “Lifting…..”, “Stretching…..”, “Touching….”, “Moving….” … as we ended up basically single file winding up the staircase to the ground floor space, through the door met the first installation, Igor laying in a cut coffin-size space in the floor in a tuxedo covered in plexiglass. All the while the people continue to walk, “Lifting……Stretching……” Like a bath of sound, a meditation. I stayed there by the door in order to remain with the power of her voice, taken by the intensity of a being trapped (intentionally) in the floor boards, watching the choices people

made to view, to walk over the board, thinking, they are doing this because they can.

Lately I have been amazed by somatic synchronicities that are taking place, perhaps because even in far afields, many are working in converging ways, or perhaps because I am fortunate enough to have attuned teachers, or perhaps because this work has attuned me. I arrive this morning to the park for *qigong*, and it hits me that Marina Abramovic's mantra is the breakdown to some extent of the *bagwa (pakwa)*, as we move around the octagon of the 4 cardinal directions, the lines that connect them, and the center that brings matter into the being, I hear it: "Lifing…Stretching……Touching….Moving…." Moving around the *bagwa*, there is an emphasis more in sliding than lifting, but somehow there is an echo there. And as I move my head around from my waist, I experience a horizontal *bagwa* in front of me, finally experiencing the embodiment of the elements in a new way synthesizing, so our movements and our touch indeed connect with a cosmic order.

Take Two:

In acupressure, the focus that is emerging for my own vitality is a focus on my lung/large intestine and heart /pericardium meridians… Metal and Fire. I go to a workshop with Dennis Leri ostensibly about Big Body, and find that he is strangely speaking to me….we end the day lying on our fronts and flying, doing Errol Flynn lessons, twisting out arms which in fact directly address the meridians listed above. This is after he told me story about Moshe Feldenkrais, who worked in an acupuncture office in Paris, I think, where he came to realize with the practitioner that one could access the points through movement, through posture, through form.

This phenomenon of movement as a potent enactor is something I have experienced through *qigong*, feldie, all the ones that come into my being, personally. There is this strange thing about movement and embodied research, to experience has the quality of

the first time, as we tend to forget the things that can be so basic. It is as if I believe that there is something to get and then I am there, as if I achieve something and I have *gotten there*, when in fact the process again arises in its primacy: to remember, I must re-member. Those around me who dedicate in their own practices remind, as I align with my environment. Is it that my day is strange or that the world is strange and it affects my day, and is there any reality in the this or that, beyond the continuum, and polarity?

WELCOME
October 9, 2009

here

here

here

AHJM interview on the SEEDS ning
March 14, 2009

This is a link to a piece in process. When I was working on/transcribing an interview with Arawana Hayashi and Jennifer Monson (or it was working on me), I wrote a piece for the SEEDS network about the experience of writing. It speaks to the process of becoming with text, affected by the nature of technological tweakiness.

the link:

http://seedsfestival.ning.com/profiles/blogs/musings-tonight-on-seeds-08

The full article is published in *Contact Quarterly Summer/Fall 2009*.

Embodying Language
December 27, 2008

Presentation for Dr. Enoch Page's Anthropology of Consciousness class. U. Mass-Amherst, 11/02/08. The typing was messy, perhaps better as content extracted from the form, so this is a translation:

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*What are the intonations, rhythms, and textures that come from our body and our living experiences in our bodies?

*Where do the multiple practices and lineages that we have access to and intersect with live within us, and amongst us?

*What provides that possibility of rich integration of what we learn and come to know?

*Where are the spaces inside of us and how does our attention move?

*How does what is the language when it comes from our physical knowing?

*How is thinking a physical act, and what are the subtleties that come from learning new ways of thinking?

*What is cultural expression as it changes moment to moment?

Here, I am proposing that we find source language, sound and our voice and text *from* our embodiment.

Embodiment: an awareness and sensitivity to our physicality, perceptions, and relationship to our environment as we come to speak.

You know the difference: when you witness someone talking but it is unclear to whom the address… when someone's speaking *moves* you. Here, i invite us to speak from being moved.

One way I find this is take place is by transmigrating/crossing through media – writing, moving, sounding, speaking . . all the treasures of our experience of being alive and with form. to use our form and explore our form to a full capacity.

Why?

By stepping outside of our image of our identities, public language, the normalized western dominant ways of proving ourselves through presentation, we need not abandon our sense of self for community/society. Rather, accept: we do not know, and we know. Our opinions can change and yet, we have bodily wisdom. Allow for the changing and in fact be a part of its composition through kee observation and seeing what can emerge.

This will be part of the transformation of our being and our societal organism as well as our relationships to our families and communities.

There are so many ways, and here I ask you to be open to listening to what intonations and new language come from within, from and through you. What pours forth, and can you tune into this?

*What is our indigenous experience from the perspective of our embodiment?

*How do we embody, each one of us, multiple cultural experiences?

*How is the process of thinking action?

*What is a single act and a single action?

*What is the language that arises from our embodiment?

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its intonation

its tone

its texture

its music

Prosody – all the elements of language not about semantics or meaning, but the music! (thanks for the word that opened the door, Robert and Daria)

introduction in
December 26, 2008

"…did you ever see a dog- which is, as Plato says, in the second book of his *Republic*, the most philosophical creature in the world- discover a marrow bone? If ever you did, you will have noticed how devotedly he eyes it, how carefully he guards it, how fervently he holds it, how circumspectly he begins to gnaw it, how lovingly he breaks it, and how diligently he licks it. What induces him to do all this? What hope is there in his labor? What benefits does he expect? Nothing more than a little marrow."

-Abstractor of the Quintessance (François Rabelais)